

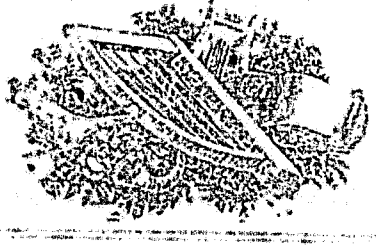
Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 3.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22 1835.

NUMBER 6

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY
GEORGE W. MILLET.
TERMS—One dollar and fifty cents in advance.
No paper discontinued till all dues are paid, but at the
option of the Publisher.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms,
the proprietor not being accountable for any error in
any advertisement beyond the amount charged for it.
Communications, and Letters on business must be
addressed to the publisher, Post-paid.



POETRY.

Thou wert fair when first we met,
As a youthful Poet's dream;
Thou art lovely still, but yet

Where, oh! where's the vernal gleam
That around thy footsteps hung,
When our hearts and hopes were young?

Thou wert joyous as the bird,
When its first wild flight it tries;
And thy slightest whispered word
Breathed the mirth of summer skies;
Thou art silent then when glad;
Serious ever—sometimes sad!

Thou didst love in other years,
Songs of light and joyous down;
But the strains that stir thy tears
Are thy cherished pastime now!
Thou hast learnt to gather gladness
From the very springs of sadness!

Yes, thy blue eye's changing light
Shed a keener radiance then;
And thy smile, once dazzling bright,
Ne'er can be so bright again!
Let each faithful grace depart,
Spring can ne'er leave my heart!

It is warm as ever still;
Fond and faithful to the core;
Withering sorrow cannot chill—
Would it ne'er might wring it more!
Years may dim the rose of youth,
So they spare the bosom's truth.

Time, and his twin sister, Care,
Have but lightly touch'd thy brow;
And the lines imprinted there,
Never lovelier seemed than now;
For they breathe the spell of grief,
Of sorrow-chastened mind.

Wherefore, then, should I repine,
That thou art not as of old?
Since nature's gifts are thine,
Precious treasures—wealth untold—
Charm, thy youth could never know,
Graces, time alone bestow!

If we are not what we were,
We have not endured in vain;
Since the present hour is fair,
Why eke the past again?
Am not I, and art not thou,
Calmer—wiser—happier now?

From 'Till's Edinburgh Magazine.
A Ramble in the Woods.

AND WHAT THE WRITER SAW AND HEARD THERE.
On one of these occasions, about the middle
of the sultry month of August, when the dog-
star rages, and all nature sinks into a sort of
luxuriant repose, I had become somewhat tired
with a ramble longer than usual, and laid my-
self listlessly along the margin of a little twit-
tering stream, that stole its winding way among
the deep obscurities of the wood, diffusing coolness
and inviting to repose. All the customary
sounds that give life and animation to rural sports
and occupations, had ceased. Nay, even the
tinkling cow-bell which broke at intervals on the
hallowed quiet of the day, seemed to come over
me with a softened and mellowed tone, as if
fearful of disturbing its repose, and awed by
the solemnity of universal silence. Through
the arched canopy of foliage that overhung the
little stream, I could see it coursing its way,
on either hand, among mossy rocks, glittering, as
if by moonlight, and disappearing after a thou-
sand meanderings. It is impossible—at least
with me it is impossible—to resist the influence
of such a scene. Reflecting beings, like our-
selves, sink into a sort of melancholy reverie,
and even the sprightliness of childhood is re-
pressed by the hallowed quiet that reigns around.
Guilt awakes from its long oblivion and inno-
cence becomes saddened with the stillness of
nature.

As thus I lay, stretched in languid listlessness
on the bank of the stream, as quiet as the leaves
that breathed not a whisper above me, and
gradually sinking into almost unconsciousness
of the world and all it holds—the little birds
sporting about, careless of my presence, and the
insects pursued that incessant turmoil which
seems never to cease, until winter lays his icy
feet on all nature, and drives them into their
inscrutable hiding places. There is a lapse in
the recollection of the current of my thoughts
at that moment—a short period of forgetfulness,
from which I was aroused by a hoarse croak-
ing voice exclaiming—"Cruel savage monster!
what does he here?" I looked round, and
could see only a hawk, seated on the limb of a
tree, eyeing me, as I fancied with a peculiar

expression of hostility. In a few moments I
again relapsed into a profound reverie, from
which I was awakened once more by a small
squeaking whisper—"I dare say the blood-
thirsty villain has been setting traps for us."
I looked again, and, at first, could see nothing
from which I supposed the voice might proceed;
but, at the same time, imagined I distinguished
a sort of confused whisper, in which many little
voiced seemed conmingled. My curiosity
was awakened; and peering about quietly,
I found it proceeded from a collection of animals,
birds, and insects, gathered together for
some unaccountable purpose. They seemed
very much excited, and withal in a great pas-
sion about something, all talking at once. List-
ening attentively, I could distinguish one from
another.

"Let us pounce upon the tyrant, and kill him
in his sleep," cried the eagle; "for he grudges
me a miserable little lamb now and then, though
I don't require one above once a week. See!
where he wounded me in the wing, so that I
can hardly get an honest living by pray."

"Let me scratch his eyes out," screamed a
hawk; "for he will not allow me peaceably to
carry off a chicken from his barn-yard, though
I am dying of hunger, and come in open day
to claim my natural indefensible right."

"Ay, ay," barked a fox; "he interferes in the
same base manner with my privileges, though
I visit his hen-roost in the night that I may not
disturb him."

"Agreed!" hissed a snake; "for he won't
let me bite him, though he knows it is my na-
ture; and kills me according to scripture," and
thereupon he glared upon me, curled himself in
spiral volumes, and darted his tongue at me in
a most fearful manner.

"Agreed!" said a great fat spider, who sat
in his net, surrounded by dead bodies of half a
dozen insects: "Agreed; for this bloody-minded
savage takes delight in destroying the fruits
of my honest labour on all occasions."

"By all means," buzzed a great blue-bottle
fly; "for he will not let me tickle his nose on a
hot summer day, though he must see, with half
an eye, that it gives me infinite satisfaction."

"Kill him!" cried a little ant, who ran furi-
ously and fretting about at a furious rate—"kill
him into a million of atoms, a bit more than I do
killing a fly," addressing himself to the spider.

"The less you say about that the better,"
whispered the spider.

"Old's fish!" exclaimed a beautiful trout,
that I should like very well to have caught,
popping his head out of the brook—"Old's
fish! kill the monster by all means—hook him!
I say; for he entices me with worms, and de-
vours me to gratify his insatiable appetite."

"To be sure," said a worm; "kill him as he
sleeps, and I'll eat him afterwards; for, though
I am acknowledged, on all hands, to be his
brother, he impales me alive on a hook, only
for his amusement."

"I consent," cooed a dove; "for he has de-
prived me of my beloved mate and made me a
disconsolate widow"—upon which she began to
moan so pitifully, that the whole assembly
deeply sympathized in her forlorn condition.

"He has committed a million of murders,"
cried the spider.

"He drowns all my kittens," mewed a cat.
"He tramples up in me without mercy,"
whispered the toad, "only because I'm no beau-
ty."

"He is a treacherous, cunning villain," bark-
ed the fox.

"He has no more bowels than a wolf," scream-
ed the hawk.

"He is a bloody tyrant," croaked the eagle.
"He is the common enemy of all nature, and
deserves a hundred and fifty thousand deaths,"
exclaimed they all with one voice.

I began to be heartily ashamed of myself,
and was casting about how I might slip away
from hearing these unpleasing reproaches; but
curiosity and listlessness kept me quiet, while
they continued to discuss the best mode of des-
troying the tyrant. There was, as usual in
such cases, great diversity of opinion.

"I'll bury my talons in his brain," said the
eagle.

"I'll tear out his eyes," screamed the hawk.
"I'll whip him to death with my tail," bark-
ed the fox.

"I'll sting him home," hissed the snake.
"I'll poison him," said the spider.
"I'll fly-blow him," buzzed the fly.
"I'll drown him, if he'll only come into the
brook; so I will," quoth the trout.
"I'll drag him into my hole, and do his busi-
ness there, I warrant," said the ant; and there-
upon there was a giggle among the whole set.

"And I'll—and I'll," said the worm—
"What will you do?" exclaimed the rest in a
titter.

"What will you do? Why I'll eat him af-
ter he's dead," replied Sir Worm; and then
he strutted about, until he unwarily came so
near that he slipped into the brook, and was
snapped up in a moment by the trout. The ex-
ample was contagious.

"Oh! I are you for that sport?" mewed the
cat, and clawed the trout before he could get his
head under water.

"Tut! tut!" barked Reynard, and snatch-
ing pussy up in his teeth, was off like a shot.

"Since 'tis the fashion," said the spider, "I'll
take a crack at that same blue-bottle;" and
thereupon he nabbed the poor fly in a twink-
ling.

"By your leave," said the toad, and snap-
ped up the spider in less than no time.

"You ugly thief of the world," hissed the
snake in great wrath; and, indignantly laying
hold of the toad, managed to swallow him a-
bout half way, where he lay in all his glory.

"What a nice morsel for my poor fatherless
little ones!" cooed the dove; and, pecking at
the ant, was just flying away with it, in quite a
sentimental way, when the hawk, seeing this,
screamed out—

"What a pretty plump dove for dinner!—
Providence hath ordained I should eat her."
He was carrying her off, when the eagle
darted upon him, and soaring to his eyrie on the
summit of an inaccessible rock, composedly
made a meal of both hawk and dove. Then,
picking his teeth with his claws, he exclaimed,
with great complacency, "What a glorious
thing it is to be king of the birds!"

"Hump!" exclaimed I, rubbing my eyes—for
it seemed I had been half asleep—"hump! a man
is not so much worse than his neighbours after
all."

[From the United States Gazette.]
Anecdotes of Napoleon.

We translate the two following anecdotes
from a French paper:

Napoleon, whom at the height of his power,
happened to be at Amiens, and as he was cross-
ing the public square to leave the city, amidst
the acclamations of all the inhabitants, who had
run in crowds and almost blocked up his pas-
sage, he cast his eyes over the immense multi-
tude, and discovered in one corner of the square,
a stone cutter, whose attention had not been
one moment drawn from his labor, by all the
splendor of the spectacle. The singular in-
difference of this man excited the curiosity of
the Emperor; he desired to know something
of him, and spurred his horse onward, and stop-
ped directly in front of the man.

"What are you doing there?" asked the Em-
peror, with the pleasant tones which distinguish-
ed him on such occasions.

The workman raised his eyes and recogniz-
ed the Emperor.

"Sire," answered he; "I am hewing this
stone as you see."

"You have been in the army, have you not?"
said the Emperor, who recognized in him an old
soldier.

"Formerly I was, Sire."

"You made the campaign of Egypt—were
you not an under officer?"

"It was even so, Sire."

"And why did you leave the service?"

"Because I had served out my time, and ob-
tained my discharge."

"I am sorry for it—you are a fine fellow—
I am desirous of doing something for you—
Speak, what do you wish?"

"Only that your majesty would allow me to
hew this stone. My labor procures me all I
want—I have no need of any thing."

This well authenticated anecdote strongly
reminds us of the interview between Diogenes
and Alexander.

At one of the Emperor's public audiences at
St. Cloud, a woman, respectable for her age
and her manners, presented herself. She
paused directly in front of the Emperor, and
waited sometime in silence.

Napoleon seeing that the lady said nothing to
him, asked her why she came there?

"Sire," said she, "I dare not confess to thee
the object of my visit."

"Explain yourself fearlessly, madam, I will
hear you."

"Sire, I came to demand neither gold nor
honors; I came only to ask permission to kiss
your majesty before I die."

The Emperor was quite surprised, and made
haste to grant, with the best grace in the world,
a request so little burdensome to the treasury,
and casting a last look upon the withered, but
yet regular and majestic features of the old wo-
man, he could not forbear saying in a full
whisper to Prince Berthier, who happened to be
near him, "If she had taken this idea forty
years ago—"

"Sire," said the old lady, in a low voice
twenty years ago this idea haunted me worse
than at the present time, but then it would have
been too dangerous for me."

or of the woman's person, it made itself be heard
and that with a vengeance; for just as the cler-
gyman was in the act of administering the or-
dinance of baptism, the cork flew to the ceiling
with a report like that of a pistol, the noise of
which reverberated along the aisles, was heard
by every one in the church. The sensation
produced by this sound, so unwonted in a place
of worship, was prodigious. The clergyman
was brought to a dead stand-still; but instantly
discovering how matters stood, composed his
mind and features, and went on with the solemn
service in which he was engaged. The coun-
tenances of those who were in the vicinity of
the pistol, were disturbed in a manner most un-
becoming the place. The "brewer lads," and
a wag in their neighborhood well up to the start-
ing of corks, whether long or short, at once
recognised the well known, though unseasona-
ble sound, and had recourse to their handker-
chiefs to smother other explosions. The hon-
est woman tried to look from her as if nothing
particular had happened, but it would not do;
she was obliged to stuff her thumb into the or-
ifice which the cork had just so unceremonious-
ly left, to prevent the contents of the bottle from
following it, and hurry along the passage out of
the church, the beer fiz, fiz, fiz, the whole
way.—Dundee Adv.

"Be aisy, my honey," said Paddy O' Rafe-
rty one day to a Yankee from Nantucket
"Ain't I as big a native as yourself, ye black-
guard? Ain't Nantucket separated by a bit
of water from the States, and ain't old Ireland
separated only by a larger bit of the same
say?"

The Maine Farmer describes below an an-
imal of very aggravating and destructive habits,
as we can testify by bitter experience. So far
as our knowledge extends the female is the
most ravenous. Can nothing be done to stay
the ravages of these creatures? Can they be
caught in traps, or taken with snares?

[Gospel Ban.]
THE GARDEN HOG.

In these days of Caravans, travelling Menag-
eries, Natural History Societies, &c., we won-
der that particular attention has not been called
to a hitherto unmentioned species of Hog, which
frequently infest Gardens and enclosures of fruit,
as well as other grounds, &c. to the great dan-
age and annoyance of the proprietors. This
animal greatly differs from the quiet and gentle
beastie, found in our styes, who is contented
with a coat of bristles, and a pair of swill. He
is thought by some to have examined him
with the eye of a Naturalist, to be closely allied
to the monkey species, only he can walk some-
what better upon his hind legs, and his fore legs
or arms are shorter and placed more on a line
with his body, his thumbs too are shorter, and
he has more scope with his paws and arms.

His face strikingly resembles the human, and
it is said that he has even been taught to articu-
late, though his language is decidedly bad,
and what ideas he has, are of a low grovelling
nature. Pride however predominates, and you
will frequently see him tricked out in the
gayest collection of raiment.

The strongest characteristic however is a
trait, which at once settles the question that he
cannot be grouped with those who are emphat-
ically styled men, and which has probably led
some Naturalists to class him with the Hog.

It is a total lack of any idea of right or securi-
ty in property. And this is also accompanied
with an inordinate appetite. Hence you will
generally find him in the enclosures of others,
especially if there are any fruit, such as straw-
berries, currants, cherries, plums, apples or
pears, or if there are any flowers which have
been planted, or any choice melons. No mat-
ter how valuable the property, no matter how
carefully it may have been nursed by its owner,
no matter how it is situated, it is all the same
to him; have it he must, and have it he will.

If there are guards in the day time, he will
watch till night, and then take the opportunity
while honest men are asleep to bear away his
prey.

Fences—Laws—all are of no use, they are
neither a barrier nor a terror to him. And yet
strange as it may seem, some of these animals
are found actually tamed and domesticated in
almost every neighborhood—mingling with
society like our dogs, and seemingly highly
pleased with the attentions and caresses which
are bestowed upon them. It is time that this
nuisance should be put where he belongs, and
that those who feel disposed to cultivate the
earth should have their fields their orchards,
and private walks to themselves.

It is said that they have a capacity for labor,
it would be well if they could be put down to
some useful performance.

We should think a treadmill would be admi-
rable for them; indeed, we have been told that
there is an establishment at Thomaston, where
some that have been caught in various places,
have been sent, and taught to hammer stone
and work at mechanical business. Such how-
ever, is their propensity to roam about, that the
strictest watch is necessary to be had over
them, and high and strong walls built to retain
them, which makes the expense sometimes
overbalance the profits.

Some assert that if taken while cubs they can
be trained so as to lose this propensity, and
become perfectly docile and valuable to society.
If this be a fact, it would be advisable to drive
the old ones out of the country, or confine them,
and bring up the cubs as they ought to be.

[Kenebec Journal.]
The Horse—Instinct.—A horse, before ven-
turing upon a leap, measures the distance with
his eye, and will not make the attempt if he
thinks he cannot clear it. In Alpine countries,
the horses accustomed to the difficult passes in
the mountains seldom make a false step, or trust
themselves on a place where their footing is in-
secure. In the same way, the horses accus-
tomed to a marshy country may be safely trust-
ed in crossing bogs and roads, as they rarely
venture upon any spot where they may be in
danger of being mired.

Some time ago there was a horse in the ar-
tillery stud at Woolwich, which was, while in
the riding school, the most docile and finely
trained animal that could be imagined. He
would, at the word of command, lie down and
not rise till he was ordered; he would bow
with the most dignified grace to visitors, and
perform other feats with undeviating obedience.
But the instant he was taken out of doors, and
found himself in the open air and the open
roads, he became altogether unmanageable; and
when he could not cast his rider, which he did
all he could to effect, he lay down and rolled
about. It may be remarked, that when first
purchased he was found to be extremely vi-
cious, but, being a fine horse, pains was taken
to break him in—and as it appears successfully—
within the walls of the riding-school, though out
of doors his old habits remained unbroken.

Original Anecdote of Murat.—When this
eminent cavalry officer commanded the horse
of Napoleon, such was the strict attention
to theatrical effect in his appearance,
that after the battle of Wagram, when the
French had been fighting three days and two
nights, and when the wounded were brought
into the temporary hospital to have their limbs
amputated, &c. there sat in the midst of this
scene of surgical operation, suffering and groans,
Murat on a stool, curling the long hair which
he always wore, and which had got out of curl
in the protracted engagement.

A Borrowed Countenance.—A Gascon of-
ficer, demanding his salary from the Minister
of War, maintained that he was in danger of
dying with hunger. The Minister, who saw
that his visage was full and ruddy, told him
that his face gave the lie to his statement. "Ah,
sir," said the Gascon, "don't trust to that; this
face is not mine—it belongs to my landlord,
who has given me credit for a long time past."

A Good Joke.—"How will you swap watch-
es?" said B. to a plough jogger, one day last
week.

"I have no watch," was the reply, "but if you
want to trade, I will sell ye a horse."

"Is it good for any thing?"

"Yes, the best saddle horse in the coun-
try."

"How is he in a carriage?"

"He ought to be good—he was brought up
to a baker's cart."

"I will give you ten dollars and my watch
for him."

"The horse is your'n," said he of the sad.
Our friend mounted, & found the horse as rec-
ommended—an excellent saddle horse. B. was
mightily pleased with his bargain, and deter-
mined to prove all his good qualities at once, forth-
with harnessed him into a wagon.

"Gee up!" says B.

"Gee down!" says the horse—
And our friend found six feet of himself in the
mud, with the front of the wagon flying in all
directions around him.

"Friend," says B., "you told me the horse
was good in a carriage."

"I told you no such thing," said Plough.

"Did't you say he was brought up to a ba-
ker's cart?"

"Yes, sartin I did, but then he was taken a-
way again, as the devil himself couldn't drive
him."

Remarkable Escape from Lightning.—We
learn from the Post, that a building in Pittsfield,
formerly occupied as a church, but more re-
cently as a female seminary on the lower floor,
and a lecture room above, devoted exclusively
to religious purposes, was struck by lightning
on Sunday evening. The room was crowded,
and more than fifty persons were thrown pros-
trate, about a dozen of whom were so injured
as to be carried home senseless. The south
side of the building was knocked in, the play-
stering thrown all over the room, and the table
standing near the altar was split in two. A
young man had his pantaloons and boots torn
entirely off, and his limbs very much burnt.

When the building was struck there was one
universal scream, many appearing almost crazy
with fright. It is really wonderful that no lives
were lost.—[Transcript.]

A flirting girl is indeed bad enough, but a
flirting married woman should be an object of
contempt wherever she appears.

Important from France.
ATTEMPT UPON THE LIFE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Attempt upon the King by an Infernal Machine.—Paris, July 29. It is with the deepest concern that we lay before our readers the details of the above horrible event, that took place at the review yesterday. After having passed along the Boulevard to the farthest point at which the National Guards and the troops were drawn up, his Majesty, accompanied by the Duke of Orleans, the Duke de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, and a numerous and brilliant Staff, was returning along the same line to the Place Vendôme, where the troops were to file off before him. At twelve, at the moment when he had reached the Boulevard de Temple, a little before the Theatre des Funambules, a tremendous explosion, resembling irregular platoon firing, was heard. At first it was supposed to be a discharge of fireworks, but the falling and cries of the victims soon revealed the reality, and excessive confusion ensued—an infernal machine had just poured forth a shower of balls upon the cortege that surrounded the King! Marshal Mortier, Duke de Treviso, fell and expired without uttering a word. Several other officers and some of the National Guards were also killed, and a considerable number of persons wounded. The falling of some horses, among which was that of Marshal Mortier, and the cowering of others, added to the tumult, which it would be difficult to describe. During this scene the King, whose arm had been grazed by a bullet and whose horse had received a wound in the neck, maintained the calmness by which he is distinguished, and displayed remarkable courage by riding up in the direction of the houses from which the explosion came. After the first emotion had passed the cortege continued its route amidst shouts of joy for the preservation of the King's life, and threats of vengeance against the assassins. The bodies of the slain and the persons who were wounded were immediately carried to the Cafe Turc opposite, where medical assistance was immediately afforded to such as were still alive.

Smoke was seen to proceed from the third story of the house No. 50, on the Boulevard de Temple, of which the ground-floor is occupied by a wine dealer named Parault. Each story consists of one chamber, which is lighted by a single window in front. The house was immediately surrounded, and all the persons found in it arrested. The room in which the machine had been constructed was very small, its dimensions being only six and a half feet by seven. The machine was made with great skill of wood, with iron braces, and extremely solid. Two uprights supported two cross bars of wood, placed parallel to the window, and in these were formed grooves, in which were laid 25 gun-barrels. The front cross bar, placed at about a foot from the window, was rather lower than that behind, so that the balls might reach the body of a man on horseback in the middle of the Boulevard. The charge was so heavy, that five out of the twenty-five barrels had burst, notwithstanding they were very substantial and new. The assassin was immediately taken into custody. About three months ago he hired the rooms of the second and third stories of M. Dallemagne, the proprietor. He gave his name Girard, a mechanic, and appears to be about twenty-four years of age. His room has a window in front and another behind, and he had taken the precaution to fasten a rope to the latter, to assist him in making his escape. By the bursting of some of the barrels, at the moment of the explosion, the assassin was wounded in the forehead, the neck, and the lip. Notwithstanding his wounds he rushed out of the window. Some Police officers having run into the inner court, and seeing Girard slipping down the rope, one of them exclaimed, "Ah wretch! we have you." Girard, who was at the moment at the height of a wall, threw himself over it into an adjoining court, and there a police officer apprehended him. He was placed upon a hand-barrow, and conveyed to the Conciergerie.

The Minister of the Interior, the Perfect of Police, and several Magistrates went to the house, and in the assassin's chamber they found the remains of the infernal machine still smoking, a straw bed, and a fire lighted. A delay of half a second, perhaps, in the explosion saved the life of the king. The cortege advanced in the following order:—the King, the Prince de Joinville, the Duke of Orleans, the Duke de Nemours, Marshal Lobau, and Marshal Mortier. All these in the cortege who were wounded were nearly on the same line as Marshal Mortier. The news of the attempt was rapidly propagated through this capital and produced a powerful sensation.—General de Rumigny, Aide-de-Camp to the King, set off full gallop to inform the Ruler that his Majesty and the Princes had escaped the danger, fearing that she might have been seriously alarmed if she had heard of the event from any one that had not witnessed it. In passing down the lines he mentioned to several officers what had occurred, and soon there was not a soldier that remained ignorant of it. As the troops of the line did not extend to the Boulevard de Temple, they were ordered to shift in that direction that they might be ready to act in case of attempt at disturbance. At the moment of filing off before the King, the National Guards shouted *Vive le roi!* which was answered by the troops of the line. The Guards of the 8th legion, which had lost some of its officers and men, added cries of *A bas les assassins!*

The King returned to the Tuilleries about five o'clock; evidently deeply affected by the scene he had witnessed. During the whole of the afternoon and evening crowds flocked out of curiosity to the melancholy spot, in consequence of which a strong detachment of Moni-

pal Guards was stationed there to keep the peace. The following are the persons whose lives have been sacrificed:—Marshal the Duke de Treviso struck in the heart by a ball.—General de Lachaise de Terigny, struck on the forehead by a ball, Captain Villate, aide-de-camp to Marshal Maizon; Lieutenant Rienssee, of the 8th Legion, struck by three balls; Messrs. Prudhomme, Richard, Leger, and Benetter, Grenadiers of the 8th Legion; a colonel in the army, two citizens, a woman and a child, whose names we were unable to learn.

Galifani's Messenger of the 30th says:—The number of victims is much more considerable than was at first believed. Several persons wounded were immediately taken to their own homes, and therefore were not included in the list before published. The number killed and wounded is said to be 34, including 16 who died immediately, or subsequently, perished from their wounds. Among them was M. Labronste, aged 70, a member of the Legion of Honour, one of the oldest receivers for taxes of Paris. His wounds are very serious, but hopes are entertained that his life may be saved. Out of eight persons carried to the Hospital St. Louis, 4 have undergone amputation.

The Duke de Broglie received a bullet through the collar of his coat. In consequence of this event, Government had ordered the fetes for the celebration to be discontinued, and that a solemn funeral service be performed in honor of the victims of the day. The Chamber of Peers had determined to go into mourning for five days—they also ordered a preliminary investigation, and appointed the requisite committee. Upwards of 100 arrests had already taken place. Girard, the assassin is about 29 years of age, and has been employed in cleansing and repairing old fire-arms—he admits his guilt, and declares that he has no accomplices—the latter assertion, however is disproved by the evidence of a woman who has deposed that the moment after the explosion she saw two men, both wounded make their escape, and by the finding of two white hats of different sizes, in Girard's apartment. The addresses usual upon such occasions had been voted to the King.

Moonshine. The gullible portion of the reading community have been consummately hoaxed by an article which appeared last week in the New York Sun purporting to be extracted from a supplement to the Edinburgh Journal of Science, and communicating intelligence of stupendous discoveries in the Moon, made by Sir John Herschel, from his observatory on the Cape of Good Hope—effected by the assistance of a new telescope of immense power, which brought the planet within forty miles of the eye of the observer, and rendered objects, not more than twenty-two yards in diameter, distinctly visible. Nearly half the article, (which occupies seven columns of the New York papers, four times the dimensions of our own) is employed in description of the monstrous telescope which has effected these wonders, and the history of its origin and progress of construction. It is written in a scientific vein, which mocks gravity and evinces much learning, acumen, and deep observation—blended with a satirical propensity, that marks the author as no ordinary man. We have not room for the whole article, or scarcely for a small portion of it, or we would gladly translate it to our columns, for the reader's entertainment.—We must confine ourselves, therefore, to a brief abstract of the *New Lunar Discoveries*, expressing our astonishment that any one could have been found, of common capacity, so credulous extraneous.

The first night of observation commenced, with a series of brilliant discoveries. Basaltic Rock, of a greenish brown color, was first observed, of very perfect formation; next, flowers of a dark red hue, resembling the "papvas Rhodas, or rose poppy of our sublimity corn-fields;" then trees, like the yews of the English church-yard, followed by a forest of mountain firs, at the foot of which was a beautiful lake, gounded by shores, fairer than which angels never coasted, whose waters laved a beach of brilliant white sand, girt with wild castellated rocks, apparently of green marble, varied at chasms, occurring every two or three hundred feet, with grotesque blocks of chalk gypsum, and feathered and festooned at the summits with the clustering foliage of unknown trees. The water was as that of the deep ocean, and broke in large white billows upon the strand. The action of very high tides was quite manifest upon the fact of the elms, for more than a hundred miles.

The details of other discoveries in geology and botany—equally interesting—we must pass by, and come to a deep valley in the shade of the woods, on the south eastern side of which were herds of brown quadrupeds, having all the external characteristics of the bison. It had, however, one widely distinctive feature, common to every lunar quadruped discovered, namely, a remarkable fleshy appendage over the eyes, crossing the whole breadth of the forehead, and united to the ears like the upper front outline of the cap known to the ladies as Mary Queen of Scots' cap, lifted and lowered by means of the ears—a providential contrivance to protect the eyes of the animal from the great extremes of light and darkness to which all the animals of our side of the moon are periodically subjected. The next animal discovered resembled an antelope,—bounding along the acclivities of the woods and running with great speed over the turf with most graceful and fascinating motion.

Though the centre of a valley flowed a large branching river, abounding in islands and water birds; mountains and lakes, and craters of

extinct volcanoes, were numerous. Dr. Herschel classified not less than thirty-eight species of forest trees, and nearly twice this number of plants, found in one tract alone. Of animals, he classified nine species of mammalia, and five of oviparia. Among the former 's a small kind reindeer, the elk, the moose, the horned bear, and the piper beaver. But time would fail us, if we were to describe a twentieth part of the wonders, and we pass on to the great discovery—the probable mankind of the moon.

They average four feet in height, were covered, except on the face, with short and glossy copper-colored hair, and had wings composed of a thin membrane, without hair, lying snugly upon their backs, from the top of the shoulders to the calves of the legs. The face, which was of a yellowish flesh color, was a slight improvement upon that of the large orang outang, being more open and intelligent in its expression of forehead. The mouth, however, was very prominent, though somewhat relieved by a thick beard upon the lower jaw, and by lips far more human than those of any species of the simia genus. In general symmetry of body and limbs they were infinitely superior to the orang outang. The hair on the head was a darker color than that of the body, closely curled, but apparently not woolly, and arranged in two curious semi-circles over the temple of the forehead. Their feet could only be seen as they were alternately lifted in walking, but they appeared thin, and very protuberant at the heel. These creatures were evidently engaged in conversation; their gesticulation, more particularly the varied action of their hands and arms, appeared impassioned and emphatic.

Such are some of the marvellous discoveries, the wonderful facts, brought to light by Sir John Herschel's telescope—according to the New York Sun, and the supplement to the Edinburgh Journal of Science. "Credat—non ego." Tell it to the ears.

Speech of Daniel Webster.
EXTRACT.

"Why have we so small an amount of specie in circulation? Certainly the only reason is, because we do not require more. We have but to ask its presence and it will return. But we voluntarily banish it by the great amount of small Bank notes. In most of the States the banks issue notes of all low denominations, down even to a single dollar. How is it possible under such circumstances, to retain specie in circulation? All experience shows it to be impossible. The Paper will take the place of gold and silver. When Mr. Pitt, in the year 1797, proposed in Parliament to authorize the Bank of England to issue one pound notes, Mr. Burke lay sick at Bath of an illness from which he never recovered; and he is said to have written to the late Mr. Canning, 'I tell Mr. Pitt, that if he consents to the issue of one pound notes, he must never expect to see a guinea again.'"

The one pound notes issued and the guineas disappeared. A similar cause is now producing a similar effect with us. Small notes have expelled dollars and half dollars from circulation in all the States in which notes are issued. On the other hand, dollars and half dollars abound in those States which have adopted a wiser and safer policy. Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Louisiana, and some other States, I think seven in all, do not allow their banks to issue notes under five dollars. Every traveller notices the difference when he passes from these States from those where small bills are allowed. The evil then is the issuing of small notes by State banks. Of these notes, that is to say, of notes under five dollars the amount now in circulation is doubtless eight or ten millions of dollars. Can these notes be withdrawn? If they can, their place will be immediately supplied by a specie circulation of equal amount. The object is a great one as it is connected with the safety and stability of the currency, and may well justify a serious reflection on the means of accomplishing it. May not Congress and the State governments; acting not untidely, but severally, to the same end, easily and quietly attain it? I think they may. It is but for other States to follow the good example of those which I have mentioned, and the work is done."

"We must hope that all notes under five dollars may be entirely withdrawn from circulation, by the consent of the States, and the State banks; and when that shall be done their place will be immediately supplied with specie. We should then receive an accession of ten millions of dollars at least to our specie circulation; and these ten millions will find their place not in the banks, not collected anywhere in large masses, but in constant use among all classes, and in hourly transfer from hand to hand. It cannot be denied, that such an addition would give great strength to our pecuniary system, discourage excessive exportation of specie, and tend to restrain the evils of over-trading. England has applied the remedy to a similar evil, though she has carried the restriction much higher, and allowed the circulation of notes for less sums than five pounds sterling.

The above were the sentiments of DANIEL WEBSTER in 1832, in relation to small bills, as we find them in an extract from a Speech delivered in the U. States Senate, and published in the papers? Whether he has changed his opinion since that time is more than we are able to decide; but probably not, for it is plain to every man's common sense that a multiplicity of small bills must of necessity drive specie out of any community, and the country; and Mr. Webster is not the man to change his views without being able to assign plausible argument and reason for so doing.

"We voluntarily banish it (specie) by the

great amount of Bank Notes," says Mr. Webster, but the whole federal tribe in Maine since June last, have unceasingly contradicted the assertion of their great leader, declaring the law of last winter the "offspring of silly party legislation"—the work of "office holders and demagogues;" and yet touching its practicability and necessity the Legislature only accomplished, (or intended to accomplish) Mr. Webster's ardent desire, the effect of which he said would "give great strength to our pecuniary system," and "discourage excessive exportation of specie." The federal party in Maine are not sufficiently familiar with the sentiments of their leaders to get on harmoniously together.

We copy the testimony of a Pennsylvania paper upon this subject, which does not advocate party politics, and which State has experienced the practical good effects resulting from the banishment of small bank notes.

The Philadelphia Vede Mecum says, "One dollar notes are now prohibited in the State of New York, and we are surprised to see that a number of influential prints are advising their continued circulation. Years have elapsed since we (Pennsylvanians) have had no paper at all among us under the denomination of five dollars, and we have never heard any other feeling than that of satisfaction expressed on the subject. The smaller notes were nuisances, of which every body was glad to get rid—a branch of the old system, which annoyed us with six-penny notes, and drove specie into banishment." Bangor Rep.

The Portland Gazette has been assailing, apparently without reason the Cumberland Bank, chartered by the last Legislature, which is just commencing operations in Portland. A late number of the Argus explains the mystery, and develops a most satisfactory cause for the attack of the federal organ, by informing its readers that the Directors of the Institution, in the outset, adopted the following resolution: Resolved, That no bills shall issue from this Bank of a less denomination than Five Dollars, and that no bills of other Banks of a less denomination than Five Dollars shall be received in payment of debts due the Bank, or on deposit.

A disposition to further the purposes of the State government, and obey the law of last winter in its true spirit, is enough to provoke the abuse of the Portland Gazette. That paper, *maigre* its hypocritical cant about the "supremacy of the laws," is one of the most factious and disorganizing pre-press in New England. Scarcely a violation of law has been perpetrated, except the late quasi lynching of its editor, but it has applauded or countenanced. How it shouted at the mutilation of the Constitution! How it apologized for the burning of the Convention and the attack upon the Arsenal at New York! How it labored to excite the mob of Portland into an attack upon the Representative in Congress from that District! How it exulted over the shameful indignities offered Col. Parks and his family by a federal mob at Bangor! How unceasing has it been in its efforts to produce a general disregard of the small bill law of last winter! And now at last it assails a Bank for violating its charter, and acknowledging the authority by which it was created.—[The Age.]

Miss Nullification has done sadly of late; so many and marked have been her deviations from the path of rectitude, that she is considered wholly unreliable. What with her frequenting with Nationalists her boyings with the Anti-Nationalists, and her more open intrigues with the Whigs, she has brought herself to be considered no better than she should be. Indeed so debased and lost to all sense of female delicacy she has lately become, that though she openly professes White, it is said that she has been carrying on so many most criminal intrigues with the Abolitionists and Black Men. We commendate her for her thing from the bottom of our heart; and hope that all that is said about her is true. But whether or not her aberrations from the line of propriety have been so glaring, that she can never hope to take rank in good society again. We fear the common brood will be her ultimate resort.

The sagacious Editor of the Boston Centinel has predicted that Maine will proudly choose electoral tickets favorable to Mr. Webster. We have till now entertained a faint hope that Maine would go for Van Buren, but the Editor of the Centinel is such good authority that we are almost ready to give up, we would advise the nabobs of Massachusetts, however to send some money to the Whigs of this State as they are losing all hope of victory, and are very much in want of something to rise their drooping spirits. The same Editor claims Rhode Island, Connecticut and Delaware, as favorable to W. Verily, the prospects of the Democrats are but small, or the sage calculations of this veracious editor differ widely from the truth. We wonder which it is.—Maine Democrat.

We learn from the Boston Post that a gallows was erected directly in front of Garrison's residence in Boston, on Thursday night, last, and furnished with all the necessary paraphernalia, it was made large enough for two tenants and bore a label, the purport of which was that it was erected by order of Judge Lynch. We also learn that Thompson the emissary of the spinsters of Scotland visited Concord, N. H., a week or two since, for the purpose of creating an excitement in that region, and that a hand-bill was issued notifying an abolition meeting to be attended by the above named fanatics. Great feeling was manifested by the citizens, and Thompson was warned by the Selectmen that violence would be the result, if he persisted. Finding that they refused to listen to any

count, the Selectmen determined to shut the door of the Hall, and the sheriff also closed the Court House, and when the abolitionists assembled, found both the Hall and the Court Room closed, they dispersed. In the mean time a mob had collected, but Thompson had made his escape by taking to the woods.

An effigy of Thompson was afterwards constructed and paraded through the principal streets, & burnt in the State House Park, amidst an exhibition of fire works and discharge of cannon.

From the few returns made, we perceive that Gen. King has not received an equal vote with his brother Whig candidates. His name was in numerous instances torn from the ticket—and we are informed that in one town on Saco river it was made to appear more frequently on the gro and, trodden under foot than in the ballot box. We are glad to see this determination of not a few in the ranks of our opponents to meet out to political traitors their just reward. The desperadoes of the federal party will not find themselves supported and followed in this setting at defiance and disregarding political honor and honesty. The leaders may be lost to all sense of political shame, but there are those among their followers who yet regard the part of political rectitude.—[Maine Dem.]

Law of Marriage.—At the last Term of the Supreme Judicial Court, at Springfield, an action was tried for the breach of a marriage contract. The parties are said to be respectable—the pledged promise admitted and the defence, which was merely a hearing in damages, the misconduct of the lady plaintiff after the promise was made. The Court charged the Jury, that when individuals were under a marriage contract to each other, if one of the parties were guilty of misconduct of a palpable and aggravated nature, it would in the eye of the law release the other from his obligation to fulfil the contract. But mere indiscretions of behaviour would effect the amount of damages, not the right of action—they might, however, be of such a character and extent, as to make it proper for the jury to give merely nominal damages. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages \$500. This is an important decision, especially for the ladies. Gross misconduct vitiates the contract, and indiscretions of behaviour will reduce the damages to a mere nominal sum. The line between them is also by jurors, composed of gentlemen who may entertain very different ideas of female character and propriety—one considering an act a gross offence, and another the same act a trifling indiscretion. The only safe course seems to be for a lady who wishes to enforce the fulfilment of the promises of her lover by the strong arm of the law, or subject him to the payment of adequate damages, is to avoid gross misconduct on the one hand, and indiscretions of behaviour on the other, or he will either get off entirely, or by the satisfaction of a verdict and judgment, which will contribute as little to the honor and respectability of a lady as it will gratify an avenging disposition.—[New England Review.]

MICHAELMACINAY, August 12.—Capt. Back passed the night at St. Maine some days ago, on his return from his adventures in Labrador, and full of health and spirits. He is hurrying home with his portfolio full of fine drawings, some of which he showed at the South, and has acquired a vast fund of information concerning the geography and natural history of the Arctic Regions, all of which he has had leisure to arrange for publication since he received the welcome intelligence of his friend Capt. Ross's safe arrival in England. A more generous act of devotion than he has given to that friend is not to be found in human records. It appears that he finally perished within 60 miles of the monument erected by Capt. Ross, but was prevented reaching it by fields of ice resembling a raging ocean suddenly frozen. He fell in with a band of Esquimaux who had no knowledge of white men, and one of his exquisite drawings represents Capt. Back advancing unarmed upon this band, whilst the Chief of the band who had raised his spear to strike him to the ground, struck with this touching appeal of man to man, drops it to the ground, and, with his hand, welcomes him. So that it appears there is in the breast of the rudest savage, a sympathetic chord, which vibrates when a master like Back touches it. A mere physical man would have gone to this interview armed; would have quarrelled, and perhaps lost his life and those of his party. Capt. Back's book will be a most interesting one, and I dare say for superior in descriptive interest to the work of his friend Ross. He found among his letters at the South, one from the distinguished arctic Sir John Franklin, who tells him, if he uses diligence, he will get to London before Ross's work is out. So great is the general admiration of Back, that he was received with a salute at the South, the first Post he has seen for a long and severe period, and he expressed his very great gratification at it.

It is cold here as at the end of October, and fires are quite as necessary. I was at a talk of Ojibwas yesterday, when the Chief said "he hoped the Agent would give them clothes and food, for winter was coming on." The wild gooseberries are not yet ripe, and cherries are yet sour. The country is universally healthy.

National Intelligencer.

Professor Hitchcock set the curiosity of all our good people on tiptoe last Saturday, by pointing out on the flag-stones near the court house, where they have been used to walk for years, fresh turkey tracks! They are geological formations, exactly resembling the tracks of a very large bird, occurring at an exact equal

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distance from each other. Many such speci-
mens have been found by the observing eye of
the professor in the Connecticut Valley. He
has in his mineralogical cabinet at Amherst,
such perfect evidences of these tracks, that the
most incredulous cannot but believe some turkey
or other, when the stone was malleable, had
been treading his toes there.—[Northampton
Courier.]

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 23, 1835.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT

MARTIN VAN BUREN, of N. York.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

RICHARD M. JOHNSON, of Kentucky.

The Election.

The returns so far as they have been received by us
exhibit an overwhelming majority for the democratic
candidates, in this county, and such an increase through-
out the State as argues well for the cause of popular
rights. The vote given this year does not exhibit the
actual strength of either party, but may perhaps be taken
as a fair test of the relative strength of the two parties.
Very little interest appears to be felt on the occasion,
compared with what we have witnessed for many years
past. No great exertions were made to our knowledge
by either party. All appeared to be perfectly satisfied
as to what the result must inevitably be, whether ex-
ertions were made or not. It is perhaps due to justice to
say that the unpopularity of the federal candidate made
the vote of that party less than it would otherwise have
been. We mention this fact as one which is creditable
to our opponents. When all principle and feeling of
self respect shall be so far abandoned, that a man stand-
ing before the people as his candidate did, shall receive
the undivided support even of a party, we shall have
reason to fear that the foundations of our liberties have
been sapped.

The very fact of the smallness of the federal vote, af-
ter making all due allowances, shows that they are dis-
heartened, and we trust that many are beginning to be
convinced of the error of their ways. We have gained
a Representative in many places where we had no rea-
son to hope for one. In other places we have pushed
them so hard as to make the enemy tremble in their
strong holds. In Livermore the contest was a close one.
In Brunswick and Waterville we have prevailed. In
Portland there is no choice, and in many other places
the enemy are beginning to tremble for a majority which
they have heretofore supposed invincible. The Sena-
tors and County Treasurer in this county are chosen by
large majorities, and we have heard of but two federal
representatives chosen. Probably there will be no others.

Little's Museum.

The last number of this periodical has been received
by us. We have before had occasion to speak of the
character and merits of this work, and every succeeding
number has strengthened us in the favorable opinion we
have long entertained of it. We can assure those
who are desirous of instruction united with entertain-
ment that they will receive more than their money's
worth in taking this monthly work. Specimens may be
seen at our office.

London Quarterly Review.

This is one of the Foreign Reviews, which are reported
in this country, and off-ered to the public at a price so
low as to be within the reach of almost all who are de-
sirous of procuring such works. When we consider the
quality and quantity of matter contained in these reviews,
being four in number, making sixteen numbers in a year,
we feel justified in pronouncing it the cheapest work of
the kind within our knowledge.

We do not feel disposed to exult much over our oppo-
nents this year, as they were less insistent and boastful
before the election than usual. They were undoubtedly
prepared for defeat, but did not anticipate such an entire
overthrow. In Kentucky the federal candidate last year
had 22nd majority. This year the returns from all but
four towns gave them a majority of about 100. Under
these circumstances the editor of the Kentucky Journal
is disposed to be so candid as to admit that the majority
in that county has been diminished. The Senators are
undoubtedly chosen by a larger majority than was given
for their candidate for Governor.

Our friends in this county have been so remiss in for-
warding the returns of votes, that our list is necessarily
imperfect.

The election being over we shall for the present be a-
ble to devote more of our paper to matters and things in
general, than we have done for some time past. The
plans, intrigues and movements of our opponents will be
noticed from time to time as they may seem to deserve,
as the time is rapidly approaching when the people will
be called upon to fight another battle for their rights,
against the aristocracy of wealth and rank.

The Poetry in our last paper signed F. published as
original, has we learn appeared some time since in the
Jeffersonian. We shall not publish the name of the per-
son who furnished it, until we learn whether the im-
position was the effect of ignorance or design.

Returns.

	Dixfield,	Norway,	Roxbury,	Peru,	Mexico,	Dyran,	Canton,	Livermore,	Hartford,	Turkey,	Oxford,	Hebron,	Buckfield,	Paris,	Sumner,
Whigs	31	24	141	138	141	24	91	24	141	138	141	24	91	24	141
Dem.	7	4	7	4	7	4	7	4	7	4	7	4	7	4	7
Sumner	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Clark	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

Representatives.

Livermore, Philip Bradford. Hartford and Sumner,
Joseph Tobin. Turner, Asahel Dillingham. Buckfield,
Virgil D. Paris. Paris, America Thayer. Oxford and
Hebron, John Lee. Woodstock, Rumford and Andover,
Richard T. Lurvey. Hebron, Elsworth Bates. Nor-
way, Henry W. Millett. Dixfield, Isaac W. Standley.
Jay, &c. Daniel Merrill.

The late excitement. A federal paper, one of
the proprietors of which is a strenuous aboli-

tionist, treats the late excitement here as a
"joke" and a "frolic." We can tell that editor
or that such was the deep pervading feeling of
indignation against the scoundrel Thompson,
that had he fallen into the hands of the excited
populace he would have found it no "joke"—
for he would most assuredly have got what he
has long deserved, a coat of tar and feathers,
and a ride upon a rail, if nothing worse. It
was certainly not such a "joke" as he was wil-
ling to take, perceiving to give "leg bail" in a
trial of speed for the woods.

N. H. Patriot.

Vermont. So far as we have seen returns
there has been a great accession of strength to
the democratic cause, as indicated by the votes
for Governor and in the election of members of
the legislature. There is no choice of Govern-
or. Mr. Palmer, the anti-masonic candidate,
and who is also understood to be in favor of
Mr. Van Buren, runs the highest. Mr. Brad-
ley, the regular democratic Van Buren candi-
date, next, whilst Mr. Paine, the Daniel Web-
ster candidate, lags far in the rear of both.—
We believe Vermont will be found right side
up at the next Presidential election.

N. H. Patriot.

The Western Land Pirate.

The annals of crime furnished but few par-
allels to the atrocious villainies committed by
and under the direction of John A. Murel the
"Western Land Pirate," who, though the ex-
traordinary exertions of *Virgil A. Stewart*, was
at length brought to justice, and is now confined
in the Tennessee State Prison. Murel, it ap-
pears, was at the head of an extensive gang of
robbers, exceeding a thousand in number, and
scattered over the greater part of the Southern
and South western States. Hitherto he had
laid his plans so adroitly, and executed them
with such profound secrecy, that although no
one doubted his character, it was impossible to
procure the necessary evidence to convict him.
It was besides almost as much as a man's life
was worth to appear as a witness against him,
so numerous were his fellow conspirators and
so desperate their character. Under these
circumstances Mr. Stewart conceived the idea
of gaining the confidence of Murel, by feigning
himself a fit instrument of his villainies, and
joining his gang. The execution of the project
was full of danger, but it was accomplished
with entire success, and in a manner which has
earned for Mr. Stewart the lasting gratitude of
Countries and States. The narrative of his
adventures, together with the disclosures made
to him by Murel, constitutes a 12mo pamphlet
of 84 closely printed pages. It is stated some-
where in the pamphlet, that *Murel's mother*, ul-
timate in his infancy, instructed him to steal; or
as Murel himself expresses it,—"My mother
was of the pure grit; she learnt me and all her
children to steal as s on as we could walk, and
would hide for us whenever she could. At ten
years old I was not a bad hand." Instructed
in such a school in childhood, no wonder he
should have travelled through the whole black
catalogue of crime before he reached the me-
ridian of life.—[Jour. of Com.]

From the Advertiser.

Commencement-Week-Brunswick.
Perhaps some account of the services, &c.
may be interesting to your readers. On Tues-
day evening, C. S. Davis, Esq. of our city,
pronounced an oration before the Alumni.
I was not fortunate enough to hear it, but it was
said to be a splendid performance—rich in clas-
sic lore, and replete with all those beauties
which characterise the gentleman's produc-
tions.

The day was stormy, as usual,—notwith-
standing East, West, North and South sent forth
their representatives, and Hotels and private
houses were crowded, and many a poor fellow
died not, when night came, where to lay his head.
The services at the Church were generally in-
teresting, enlivened occasionally by the perfor-
mances of the Boston Brass Band. The parts
were fairly sustained. It would be invidious to
particularize, but we cannot refrain from bear-
ing testimony to the excellence of the closing
performance. It was first rate. The speaker,
Mr. Goodwin, we understand has been chosen
professor of modern languages.

In the evening, Mr. Gurley advocated the
cause of the Colonization Society, with his usual
force and ability to a respectable audience.
We say respectable audience, because the audi-
ence, or a certain portion of them, during some
of the exercises, were not entitled to the epithet.
We regretted to perceive, not amongst the gen-
tlemen alone,—a degree of inattention and boi-
sterous deportment, as unbecoming the place
and occasion, as it was disreputable to those
concerned. It was from this deprecatory
cause we lost much of the polished and highly
eloquent oration before the Phi Beta Kappa, by
Professor Packard on Thursday. His theme
was, the causes of the difference in the moral
and intellectual condition of mankind, and he
handled his subject in a masterly manner.—
His best points we lost, not from the low voice
of speaker, but the loud voices of the speakers,
who were totally indifferent,—or perhaps, I
might say, with more truth, insensible to the
eloquence of the orator. Such persons are pests
to an audience.

The poem by Isaac McLellen, Jr. of Boston,
fully sustained his reputation as a poet. We
lost the opening of his poem. His subject was
a retrospect of his college life. It was hardly
fair in him to let the faculty into the secret of
college scraps, although from their appearance,
their dudgeon was not greatly roused. His al-
lusion to the aborigines of Maine was exceed-
ingly fine—and at his close when he bade fare-
well to the Government—to his class mates and

his younger brethren—to the old college walls,
crowded with many and various associations—
to the scenes around, hallowed by many pleas-
ant remembrances—to the graves of his class-
mates—and, finally, to the solemn temple, he
touched a chord in the heart of every listener,
and sustained himself not on a poet, but what
is better, a man of warm sympathies and strong
feeling.

We must not pass over the ball. It was a
capital affair. Portland had her quota of fair
representatives,—the band was excellent—and
mirth and good cheer were the order of the
evening. May the year 1836 be as ably sup-
ported.

Cochran the Impostor. We refer our
readers to the first page for the abominable im-
positions of this scoundrel in Maine; on the
discovery of which he was tried on three in-
dictments for adultery, in October, 1819, and
sentenced to the Massachusetts State Prison for
three years. A gentleman from South Hadley
informs us that Cochran has recently figured in
that vicinity, under the assumed name of "Ja-
cob the Prophet," pretending to be a prophet
of the Most High God, and to the power to
work miracles. He succeeded there in making
a number of proselytes and founding a small
sect of religionists. As soon as his real name
and character became known to the inhabitants,
he absconded and went to Stratford, N. H.,
taking with him some of his deluded followers,
a number of whom were young females. He
returned to South Hadley long since in fe-
male clothing! He thus escaped recognition,
and the fact of his visit was not known until
after he left. It is believed that he now oc-
casionally visits Hadley, and holds secret meet-
ings with his deluded followers, most of whom
are females.—[Springfield Rep.]

French mode of living.—In France, a family
whether great or small it matters not which
does not wish the trouble of house keeping,
takes lodgings and gives orders to a restaurateur
to furnish, at stated hours, such and such dishes
for its tables. A family consisting of three or
four individuals only, would find this mode of
living much more economical and far more
agreeable than to have their cooking done in
their own house, for, first, they would get rid
of the trouble of marketing; secondly, their
cooking is always done to their liking; thirdly,
they would have no kitching to look after, and
the wastage there, which is always great, would
be saved fourthly, about one half of the house-
room would serve the purpose, and therefore
no little could be saved in rent; and fifthly, if
their servants should leave them they would
not be obliged to turn cook or go hungry till
they could get others.

We understand that some families have a-
dopted this plan of living in this city, and we
are assured that they find it answers all their
expectations in every respect.—[N. Y. Sun.]

Warlike Preparations on the Disputed
Boundary. It seems to be certain that Michi-
gan and Ohio are sounding the "dreadful note
of preparation." The Legislature of Ohio has
voted \$300,000 for the expense of war. The
Ohioans are about to enter Toledo; and the
Michigan troops one thousand in number, are
assembling to meet them. Bloodshed must be
the inevitable result, if the U. S. Government
does not interfere.—[Transcript.]

MARRIED.

In Oxford, by J. Bennett Esq. Mr. GEO.
W. DAVIS of Portland to Miss CHRISTIAN
A. DOWNING of Oxford.

In Milburn, Mr. John L. Neill to Miss Paul-
ina Raymond.—Mr. Herbert Moore to Miss
Eliza P. Boies.

DIED.

In Hallowell, Joseph Bissell, aged 62.
Drowned in the Androscoggin River, Mr.
Daniel Coffin, aged 26.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Partnership heret-
ofore existing between the subscribers has this day
been dissolved by mutual consent. All persons in-
debted to the late Company will make payment to Jeremiah
Howe, who alone is duly authorized to adjust the same,
and persons having demands against them will present
them to said Howe for payment.

DANIEL S. HUBBARD,
JEREMIAH HOWE, 2d.
Norway, Sept. 21, 1835.

The subscribers hereby give notice that they have
formed a Partnership in trade and taken the above recent-
ly occupied by D. S. Hubbard and J. Howe, where they
will be happy to wait on their friends and customers.

HIRAM HUBBARD,
JEREMIAH HOWE, 2d.

Notice.

ALL persons are hereby forbid purchasing two notes
of land given by Lewis Jewell to Betsey Jewell
and endorsed by Betsey Jewell, dated Waterford, Octo-
ber 3, 1831,—one for one hundred dollars, payable in
one year,—the other for one hundred and twenty-five
dollars, payable in two years. BETSEY JEWELL.
Waterford, Sept. 10, 1835. 3w6

Dr THAYES'S
GENUINE IMPROVED
Vegetable Family Pills.
For Sale by S. CROCKETT, & Co.
Paris, Aug. 11, 1831.

2000 LAMBS PELTS wanted, for which cash
will be given.
A. ANDREWS & Co.
Aug. 17.]

FEATHERS, FEATHERS,
WANTED in exchange for GOODS, 500 lbs. of
LIVE GREEN FEATHERS, for which the
highest price will be paid, by
S. CROCKETT, & Co.
Paris, Sept. 10, 1835.

New Fall Goods.

HUBBARD & HOWE.

Norway-Village.

HAVE just received from Boston, a prime assortment
of NEW GOODS, which will be sold at very
low prices, among which are
Blue, Black, Mulberry, Claret, Brown, and Green
BROAD CLOTHS.

Super Black, Lavender, Blue, Stone, Drab, and Light.

CASSIMERES

some of which are very elegant

SATINETTES from 4-6 to 8s.

Also, 2 pieces of DRAB LIONSKIN.

2 do GREEN PETERSHAM.

—LIKEWISE—

A prime assortment of FRENCH and ENGLISH

Merinoes,

of the most fashionable shades;—and a large assortment

of selected PRINTS, from 12 1/2 to 37 1/2 cts.

Also,—Crockery, Glass and Hard Ware, Looking

Glasses, &c. &c. &c.

Sept. 21, 1835.

NEW BOOKS.

JUST received and for sale at the OXFORD BOOK-

STORE, the first and second part of

Copland's Medical Dictionary.

Comprising General Pathology, the nature and treat-

ment of Diseases, Morbid Structures, and the disorders

especially incidental to climates, to the sex, and to the

different ages of life; with numerous prescriptions for

the medicines recommended, a classification of diseases

according to Pathological principles, a copious bibliogra-

phy, with references, and an appendix of approved for-

mulae: the whole forming a library of Pathology and

Medicine, and a digest of Medical Literature.

GUIDE TO TEXAS EMIGRANTS. By David Woodman, Jr.

A gold assortment of Greek, Latin, & French Books.

Prints Survey and Gunter's Scale.

W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway-Village, Sept. 10, 1835.

WHOLESALE

DRY GOODS WARE HOUSE,

At Store and chambers No 26, Middle-street.

GEORGE H. KENDALL

Has for Sale,

25 BALS Brown SHEETINGS and SHIRT-

INGS: 20 do WARP YARNS, assorted.

10 Bales WADDING;

20 do BUTTING;

20 do Suffolk and Portland DRILLINGS;

5 Cases Bleach'd SHEETINGS & SHIRTINGS;

25 Pieces Cotton FLANNEL;

50 do Cotton and Wool do;

20 do KERSEYS;

10 do Lion SKINS and DUFFELS;

100 do 6-4 ENGLISH MERINOES;

100 do 3-4 MERINOES and CIRCASSIANS;

BROAD CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SATINETTES,

VESTINGS, LINENS, DIAPERS, CALI-

COES, CRASHES, Linen and Cotton THREADS,

BANDANNAS, & CHOPAS, Cotton Flagg HDKFS,

and SHAWLS, LUSTRE, GAUZE,

and SATIN, RIBBONS, BLK and GOLD GRO DE

NAP, GRO DE SWISS, POULT DE SOI, and Sar-
net SILKS, together with a great variety of other goods
suitable for the coming season, for sale on reasonable
terms for Cash or approved credit.

Portland, Sept. 12, 1835. 2m 6

At a Court of Probate holden at Turner within and for

the county of Oxford on the seventeenth day of Sep-

tember, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and

thirty-five.

ON the petition of ELISHA BARTLETT, Adminis-

trator of the estate of William Russell, late of

Norwy, in said county, deceased, representing that

the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay

the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death

by the sum of one hundred and sixty dollars and six

pence, and that he is unable to pay the same, and pray-

ing for a license to sell and convey so much of the real

estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the pay-

ment of said debts and incidental charges:

Ordered,

That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of

said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate,

by causing a copy of this order to be published in the

Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said county, three

weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate

Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the third

Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock A. M. and

show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said pe-
tition should not be granted.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

Copy Attest: JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Livermore, within and for

the county of Oxford, on the sixteenth day of Sep-

tember, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and

thirty-five.

THOMAS MARSTON, Administrator of the es-

tate of Isaac Marston late of Livermore, in said

county, deceased, having presented, his first account of

administration of the estate of said deceased,

Ordered,

That the Administrator give notice to all persons inter-

ested, by causing a copy of this order to be published

three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed

at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be

held at Paris, in said county, on the third Tuesday of

October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and

show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be

proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and tes-

tament of said deceased.

VOLUME

19 PRINTED
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TERMS—
One dollar and
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